AN ISLAND PEARL.

BY B.L. FARJEON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Having no money at one time, I was compelled to make a longer stay than I intended at a new gold-field, where I fell in with a mate after my own mind. We sunk a shaft, and got more gold than I had ever possessed; my share of a fortnight's work was two hundred and seventy ounces. I didn't like to keep so much gold about me, nor did my mate, so we gave it into the charge of a man named Richard Fairley, who had opened a deposit bank. My mate took the gold to him, and brought back the receipt. I never set eyes on the man. He didn't act fairly to us, for one fine morning he made himself scarce, and I and my mate, and a lot of others, had to whistle for our gold—and then it didn't come. We vowed Death to him if he ever crossed our path; and I got a description of him from my mate; a short, thin scoundrel, with iron-gray hair on his face, hanging almost from his eyes—to hide his villainy I suggested. However, we got more gold, and I saved over a hundred ounces, which I was not fool enough this time to part with.

Well, we had pretty nigh worked out this claim, when I had a dream—not of my wife and child; no, of my old mother. It seemed to me that she was dying before my eyes, and when I woke, and found, thank God! that I had been dreaming, the last sound I heard from her poor old lips, "Oh, Amos, my son, my son!" came to me with mournful significance. She had been a good mother to me, and I had but ill repaid her by leaving her in her old age with no provision (as I now remembered for the first time, God forgive me), after these many years. I awoke in the dark, and I lay awake thinking until the sun rose; and in the darkness of that night I saw my duty clear before me. I resolved to go home, make the old woman comfortable (all my unjust and bitter feelings toward her had melted away), and then come back again, if necessary, and renew my search. You may say that I might have sent money home, and that that would have answered the purpose. So I might have done; but I thought that by going home I might perchance hear news of my wife and child. I had not written a line to my mother all these long years. Not that she could have read it, but she would have got a neighbor to read it for her; and it occurred to me all of a sudden that in my haste and hot-headedness I had neglected the chance that might have restored to my arms those who were so precious to me.

I astonished my mate in the morning when I told him I was going home. No inducement that he could offer was strong enough to hold me back, and that very day I was on my road to Melbourne, with my gold in a belt, buckled round my waist. When I reached Melbourne I was in no difficulty about a ship. Hobson's Bay was full of homeward-bound craft, and after running my eyes over the names, I selected The Rising Sun, a twelve-hundred-ton clipper, then lying off Sandridge, and to sail in a few days. How often have I thought that a special destiny must have led me to select that ship out of the large number that were advertised for London! I don't believe, as some believe, that our lives are ruled by chance.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Rising Sun was a passenger ship, and was to take home, besides passengers, a cargo of wool, hides, and gold. I thought I might as well save passage money; I had no mind to set up as a fine gentleman, and if I had shipped as a saloon passenger, as I might have done, having a few hundred pounds by me, I should not have been able to keep my hands off the ropes. Knowing that homeward-bound sailors were hard to get, I went to the shipping office, and glad they were to obtain an able-bodied seaman like me among the crew. They took any cattle in those days, men were so loath to leave the gold fields. So there I was once more at my old trade. I was soon at work, and set to with a will, and with a lighter heart than had beat in my body for many a long day past; though, mind you, I was not the man I had been before the great grief of my life had broken upon me. But I was glad to think that in a few months I should see my old mother again, and that it might be in my power to bring comfort to her bruised spirit; for the more I thought of my last interview with her, the firmer grew the conviction that I had deeply wronged and wounded her. Not that I ever believed for one moment that my wife was false to me. No, no; I clung to that anchor of faith in her love and truth. It kept me from stranding on the rock of utter disbelief in human goodness.

At the appointed time we sailed out of Port Philip Bay, with a fair wind. Nearly all the passengers came aboard the last day, and I saw but little of them, having enough else to do. We had aboard a hundred and sixteen souls, all told, made up in the following manner: Passengers, sixty-one men, eleven women, eighteen children; crew, twenty-six.

For the first two or three days all went well, but trouble was marching upon us. We got into light easterly winds; about that time, also, the weather got slightly foggy. Scarcely any of the passengers were about as yet; the majority of them were below with sea sickness, and not one of the women had put in an appearance on deck. The fog beginning to increase, and continuing to do so, a sharp lookout for land was kept. We had been out now ten days, and I observed that the skipper was getting anxious. Neither was I easy in my mind. We were in the vicinity of dangerous rocks, not laid down as yet in the charts, and the fog, growing thicker and thicker, made our position more perilous. For myself, I had no fear of death, but a heavy weight was on my mind with respect to my old mother at home; and the desire to see her once more, and make amends to her for my harshness, grew stronger because of the danger we were in.

It was at this time that I made the acquaintance of two of our passengers; they were children, a boy and a girl. I was standing near the lookout, straining my eyes to the eastward, where we supposed rocks to be, when, looking down, I saw those children by my side. They were about the same age, nine years old maybe. I placed my hand on the boy's head, and, stooping, gazed at the little fellow. He returned my look frankly.

"Well, my man," said I, "and what may your name be?"

"Bob," said he.

His voice startled me, and I gazed more searchingly at him. A beautiful face was his, with fair, curling hair and bright blue eyes, that made mine dim, and caused my heart to beat more quickly. All the old memories flowed back upon me like a strong tide; and but that I felt such a supposition would be akin to madness, I might have encouraged the thought that by some miracle my own son was standing by my side.

"And yours, my little maid?" I said to the girl.

"Pearl," she answered, in a voice clear as a bell, and which to my fancy resembled Bob's.

"Then," said I, with a strange palpitation, "Bob and Pearl are brother and sister."

"Oh, no," they both replied in one breath.

"But you ought to be," said I, kneeling by them, so that my face might be on a level with theirs. "Bob has blue eyes, and so has Pearl; and you have light hair, too, both of you."

They stood with their arms round each other's waists, Bob being the shyer of the two. We prattled together for as many minutes as I could spare from my duties, and I learned that they were in no wise related. Both their mothers were on the ship, they told me.

"I haven't seen them on deck," said I.

"Oh, no," said Pearl; "they have been ill, and are not well yet. I hate the sea—I hate it!" And the little maid stamped her foot, and tears came into her eyes.

"And you, Bob?" I asked. "Do you hate the sea?"

"I'm fond of it," said Bob, "and I want Pearl to like it, but she won't. She says she wishes there wasn't any sea in the world. That's foolish, isn't it? But I wish it wasn't so dark."

Stronger and stronger grew the spell upon me.

"Would you like to be a sailor, Bob?"

"I should," he replied, "if it wasn't so dark."

I kissed the bright little fellow, and he kissed me. Wrapped up as I was in him, I saw that Pearl was hurt because I did not offer to kiss her. I would have kissed her then, but she kept me off.

"No," she said, petulantly, "you love Bob best."

I had no time for further parley. I rose to my feet, and, taking the children by the hand, told them it was not safe for them to be on deck, and that they must go below.

"We crept up," whispered Bob, gleefully, "without anybody knowing. Pearl was frightened, and I didn't want to come, till I made her. But then Pearl's a girl, and I'm a little man—so mother says."

The whole of that day no figure but the figure of Bob was in my mind, and I indulged in the maddest speculations. If my boy lived, he would be of the same age as this little fellow; and Robert was my father's name. I should have asked Bob further questions about his mother, but that I was afraid to shatter the unreasoning hope which a wild fancy had engendered. I saw no more of him or Pearl during that day, and when next I saw him—— Ah, me, let me not think of it. I must tell my story straight.

The weather got worse instead of better, and at night—it was four bells in the first watch—"Land!" was called. I was in the watch below at the time, and we were summoned on deck at once. The course we were steering was east by north, wind being northwest. Orders were at once given to square away the yards, to clear the vessel for the land, and then for about half an hour we hove away southeast, and after that hauled up again to the eastward. In less than forty minutes, however, we beheld the treacherous rocks straight ahead of us. As I saw the white waves—whiter because of the darkness which surrounded us—dashing against them, I had no shadow of doubt that we were lost. Pitch dark it was, but a sailor can see rocks without a light to guide him—for the matter of that, I believe he can smell them—and it does not need a sailor's eye to see the white foam from a raging sea dashed from an iron bound shore back into the black waters. Many's the time I have seen the spotless spray leaping up the sides of the rocks that line the foreign shores, and, curling back again in beautiful showers, laughing in the sun-sparkles that filled them with light, and made them look like millions of living silver stars; but then the days were fine, and the sun was shining. It was different now. There was no sun and no moon, and the swell of the sea toward the shore came to my ears like the sound of muffled drums.

The task we had before us now was to prevent The Rising Sun from setting bodily toward the land; but the task was too much for us, and though we worked with a will we could not avoid our fate. The vessel hardly had steerage way, and the heavy southwest swell was driving her nearer and nearer to the black rocks. By midnight she had become perfectly unmanageable; and all the passengers, being now alarmed and aware of their peril, were on deck, keeping their feet as well as they could. I looked out on the lee beam, and saw the land, like a fog bank, creeping nearer and nearer to us. In the midst of my duties I had striven hard, but without success, to discover Bob and Pearl, and it was while I was thinking of the land with a feeling of agony that a woman's voice, falling on my ear, sent a shock through me which curdled my blood.

"Hush, my child—hush!" were the spoken words; and it was my wife who uttered them to my boy.

Dumb with a fearful joy and amazement I turned toward the voice, when The Rising Sun came crash against a sharp, jutting rock, and, if you will believe it, carried part of it away. In the midst of the cries of despair that accompanied the crash, I myself called out: "Mabel! Mabel! give me my boy!" But my voice only added to the general terror and confusion, and before we had time to recover ourselves, the ship lurched on to another point of rock, which carried away her spanker-boom and rudder. And now, dark as it was before, it grew darker. Ay, it was like the Egyptian darkness, for it could almost be felt, and The Rising Sun seemed to be slowly cutting her way through it, as if it were a substance. The two points of rock which the vessel had struck formed the entrance to a huge water cave, and into this cave we were now fatally working our way. This accounted for the increasing darkness, for above us and before us were savage rocks, from the walls of which the thick slime was crawling down to the sea. This much I know, and this much I saw, but I was mercifully spared from the conscious knowledge of a great deal of the agony and terror of that awful night. The mizzen-topgallant mast coming down with tremendous force, I was struck prone to the deck by it, and for a time I partially lost my senses.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CURFEW BELL.

Philadelphians Hasten Home When O'clock Comes.

"Talk about Philadelphia being a slow place!" said the stove drummer to a Detroit Free Press writer, "it's all a mistake. The only time I was ever unable to hold my own in a crowd was in the Quaker city. I was sitting in the rotunda of a hotel there about 9 o'clock in the evening when a bell began to ring loudly somewhere near, and I jumped up and went out on the sidewalk to see if I could discover any signs of fire. When I got outside I saw everybody rushing along like mad and about fifty men came tearing into the hotel at such a rate that they knocked me down on the sidewalk and came near trampling the life out of me.

"I managed to crawl to my feet and hurried inside, wondering if I would have time to get my trunk out. Everything seemed to be quiet when I got in, and I asked a man who was smoking a cigar if the fire was out.

"'What fire?' said he.

"'Wasn't the bell ringing for fire?' I asked.

"'Oh, no,' said he. 'That was our curfew bell.'"

Too Much Realism.

There has come of late a change over the spirit of the novel. Its noble uses have, in far too many instances, been vitiated by shameful abuses. From a healthful, fertilizing channel it has been turned into a noisome and noxious sewer. Its standards of right and wrong have been abused. It is villainy that is now triumphant and honesty that is crushed. It is vice that is now honored and virtue that is sneered at and insulted. The sane and healthy view of life no longer attracts the writer; neither is it made attractive for the reader.—Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf.

At Gettysburg.

Dusty Doolittle—I left a leg at Gettysburg, mum. Kind Old Lady—Here's a quarter, poor fellow. Tell me about it. D. D.—There's not much to tell, mum. It was a wooden one, an the enemy surprised us so suddint I didn't think to bring it with me, mum —New York Tribune.

The grace of the spirit comes only from heaven and lights up the whole bodily presence.—Spurgeon.

CHINESE ASSASSINS.

BLOODY FEUD BETWEEN TWO SECRET SOCIETIES.

The Trouble Has Finally Become an International Dispute—The Chinese Minister at Washington Asked to Interfere.

THE eyes of all Chinamen in the United States have lately been turned toward Washington in eager expectation. Events are going forward there of the first importance to the subjects of His Celestial Highness the Emperor. Upon the result may depend the fate of the Six Companies, and the system which has grown up around them, to which Chinamen look as an American looks to the Constitution. If the Six Companies disband, as they have decided to do should the present conditions continue, every Chinaman will be thrown upon his own resources, to be cheated and robbed and murdered without redress or retribution except through the American courts. The appeal which is being made by the leaders of the See Yups to Minister Yang Yu represents a final effort to save the political fabric of the Chinese in the United States. How the structure has been weakened and finally split by the growth of dark and mysterious secret societies, which have involved the leaders in bloody feuds, is a story which only a Chinaman could tell in all its details—and no Chinaman would think for an instant of telling it. Enough has become known to enable a general outline of the trouble to be given. The first of the six companies was founded for mutual benefit and protection by

SEE KAING CHOW.
(Condemned to Die.)

the Chinese who led the way across the Pacific. They found themselves in a strange land, surrounded by men whose customs they could not understand and whose way of thinking they could not adopt. Therefore they clung to their own ways and organized themselves into a company on the tribal plan as it still exists in China, where the family clan is ruled by its head. Those who came later started other companies, until there were six, and these combined. Their authority regulates dealings between Chinamen, taxes them, protects them, brings them over or send them home.

Then came the secret societies, offshoots of parent organizations in China, impenetrable to foreigners. Some of them had mutual benefit for their object, others vice and crime, others murder, and still others concerned themselves with the web of treasonable political intrigue which overspreads China. Two of these, the See Yup and the Sam Yup societies, at last became involved in the feud which has induced the present crisis.

The See Yup society is incorporated under the laws of California. Its certificate sets forth that its purposes are good, the relief of the poor and the sick, education, the finding of employment, and the protection of its members. It is composed of four of the Six Companies—the Ning Yung, Kong Chow, Hop Wo and Shu Hing. Of the other two companies one is said to be independent, with See Yup leanings, and the other constitutes the rival society of the Sam Yups.

The See Yups claim the wealth and intelligence of the Chinese in America. Fong Yo Kaing is their president, who Fong Yo Kaing is their president, and among them are Lee Kaing Chow, who is worth $3,000,000; Lee Fook, credited with $800,000; Wong Shai Shung, whose fortune is $500,000; Chan Lee Doon, Ching Wang Wai, Yee Ho Chung, Yee Hop Wo, Loui Shook and others well known in Chinese commerce.

The most conspicuous leader upon the other side, that of the Sam Yups, appears to have been the late Fung Ching, commonly known as "Little Pete," of San Francisco. What Pete lacked in respectability he made up in cunning. For money he manipulated juries, doctored horse races, smuggled his countrymen into the country and secured the taking off of those of his race whom others were willing to pay to have put out of the way.

There was a conflict of interests between the two societies. How it began is not material. Probably there were many reasons. It soon developed into a feud which could not be checked in the usual way, since the Six Companies were themselves involved. Murder was the first weapon employed. The See Yups secured two bands, or "Tongs," of Highbinders, the Sue Sings and the Hop Sings. "Little Pete," for the Sam Yups, organized two more. A member of either faction who incurred the especial wrath of the other was reasonably sure to be found shot or stabbed in some out of the way place. "Little Pete put on a bullet and knife proof coat of mail, and provided himself with a body guard of three.

The Six Companies had organized a reform society on Parkhurst lines, whose business it was by its agents to ferret out the wickedness of Chinatown and testify against offenders in court. "Little Pete" saw in this society an instrument of warfare. He secured control of it, and had his men appointed as agents. The See Yups say that these agents were themselves criminals. One thing is certain—that when a See Yup was arrested the testimony against him was always conclusive, while if a Sam Yup fell into the meshes of the law the agents were ready to untangle him.

It is said to have been "Little Pete," too, who thought of trying to enlist Minister Yang Yu in Washington, on the Sam Yup side. Representations were made to the minister which caused him to remove Consul General Lai and Vice Consul Chang, of San Francisco, and to appoint Fung Wing Heng and King Owyang in their places. Fung was a family connection of Pete's and among the Chinese, where family is of the greatest importance, this meant much. The new Vice Consul is a graduate of Yale. The See Yups are exceedingly bitter against him. They declare that he is neither an American nor a Chinaman, and that his sole business is to make mischief.

The See Yups retaliated for these aggressions by declaring a boycott against the Sam Yups. They sent out agents to all the cities to prevent business dealings between the two societies, and, as they were numerically and financially much stronger than their rivals, the Sam Yups at once began to suffer severely.

They appealed to Pete's relative, the Consul General, who, in turn, sent strong representations to the minister.

The See Yups declare that he misrepresented the facts in the most flagrant manner. However that may be, Yang Yu issued orders that the boycott must be declared off at once. He was forced to repeat the message, and to back it up with instructions empowering Consul Heng to act before it was heeded. All this time the highbinders were busy and murders were frequent.

The See Yups complain that Consul Heng poisoned the mind of Minister Yu against them. The Minister was convinced that they were a society of vagabonds, of no importance, and that their objects, instead of being charitable and philanthropic, were really treasonable. He was informed that they were disciples of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the rebel who escaped from Canton to California and afterward went to London. He was seized there by agents of the Chinese Minister and shut up in the Legation. The Minister wanted to send him to China to be executed, but Lord Salisbury made a peremptory demand which secured his release. The Minister excused himself by saying that he thought he had a right to do what he pleased with Chinese subjects wherever found.

Apparently Minister Yu, or at least Consul General Heng, entertained the same belief. Heng, in October acting under instructions from Washington, he said, asked Chief of Police Crowley, of San Francisco, to break up the headquarters of the See Yups. The Chief refused, though Heng offered to indemnify him in the sum of $10,000. Heng then secured the services of a band of private detectives, led by Ferdinand Callendan. Armed with axes and hammers, they attacked the headquarters, tore down the banners, smashed the furniture and wrecked the place, doing damage estimated at $8,000. They also wrecked the headquarters of the Ping Kong Tong, the Masonic society, and attacked those of the Sing Hoy Gock, a labor bureau. They were driven out by a mob. Callendan was arrested and convicted.

In the trial Consul Heng denied that he had asked the Chief of Police to

CHING WANG WAY.
(Also Sentenced to Die.)

act. The Chief contradicted him flatly. The proof of this duplicity will be laid before Minister Yu. The Minister, deceived, the See Yups say, by the false stories of Consul Heng, sent to China an indictment of the leaders of the society, asking that action be taken in their "ancestral homes" against their relatives and business connections. The original of his complaint is written upon a single sheet of paper. The translation covers ten typewritten pages. The appeal was heeded and a score of relatives were arrested and imprisoned or forced to flee to Hong Kong and the protection of the British flag.

Among these were four sons of Lee Fook, who are American citizens, and the relatives of Lee Kaing Chow. A son and a brother of Chan See Doon were imprisoned. A son and a brother of Wong Shai Shung, the cousins of Lee Shook, the father and a son of Gee Ho Chung and the relatives of Yu Hop Wo shared the same fate. Some of them were whipped and otherwise tortured to make them confess, and the property of seventeen of them was confiscated.

There are no sky-scrapers in Paris.

THE STATE OF KANSAS.

The telephones at Pearl, Dickinson county, over the barbed wire fences of the Taylor farms are now in working order, after three years of preparation and experiment. From J. H. Taylor's to Clarence Taylors's, one mile apart, was the first line, the wire being plain barbed fence wire stapled to posts. As soon as success was assured two more instruments were ordered—one for the railroad station at Pearl and one for the residence of T. E. Taylor, one mile from Pearl. High poles carried the line over roads and the few spaces where there are no wire fences. Glass insulators were put on the high poles so that in case it was found necessary to insulate all the way through, that much would have been done. The bringing of the two houses into communication with the railroad station was of great benefit to Clarence Taylor, who was thereby able to conduct his business quickly and conveniently. To the women on the farm it is a great boon. By means of it they feel as close as if they were together in one room, and when their clocks stop all they have to do is to call up the depot and get the correct time. Important news from the outside world is also telephoned to the people on the farms.

Colonel Tom Jackson, member of the house from Harvey county, visited Emporia for the purpose of delivering a lecture before the G. A. R. last week. Colonel Tom was commander of a colored troop at Fort Pillow at the time of the massacre. As he walked along the street in Emporia an old colored man by the name of Reuben McClelland rushed out and seized him in his arms. The two wept over each other's shoulders for ten minutes. McClelland was one of the survivors of the massacre and belonged to Jackson's troop. They had not met since the war.

By the way, the Union Pacific railroad boys are disputing the claim of the Santa Fe for the championship in fast running. The other day a Union Pacific engineer wheeled fifteen carloads of cattle from Cheyenne Wells to Ellis, a distance of 160 miles, in exactly 185 minutes, which is about the speed claimed by the Santa Fe for their fast passenger run. A few days later the Union Pacific engineer moved a regular passenger train forty-two miles in thirty-nine minutes. The Santa Fe is boasting that it recently moved a passenger train 230 miles in 290 minutes.

"He was what you might call a marrying man," said Mrs. Sadie Sutherland, in explanation of the divorce petition which she filed against her husband at Topeka last week. And if the petition recites the truth, Mr. Sutherland is not only a marrying man, but also the most numerously married man of which the court records have recently taken any account. At the time he married Sadie he already had three wives living, and since leaving her he has married a fifth at Nevada, Mo. Sadie's lawyer does not appear to have been smart enough to tell her that if her husband had three former wives living, her own marriage was a nullity and requires no divorce.

Kansas is recovering from the boom, as shown in the following boom echo: The late legislature passed a bill vacating 100 townsites and additions to ambitious towns. The preceding legislature performed the same service for 200 towns, and the one before that for eighty-three. In 1891, more than fifty needed correction, and in 1889, only twelve were changed. The fact that this number is beginning to grow smaller shows that conditions existing previous to the boom will soon be restored.—Atchison Globe.

The G. A. R. post of Conway Springs has let a contract for a monument standing eleven feet above the surface of the ground. On the face of the base will be a complete list of the departed members of the G. A. R. post at Conway Springs, and just underneath will be six large cannon balls stacked one upon another, with two large cannons surmounting the entire six balls.

C. M. Harger says in an article on the Kansas boom in the Chicago Times-Herald that Governor Glick caught the fever worse than was ever publicly known; that he invested in a daily morning paper at Abilene, with full press report, and only sunk $50,000 in three years.

F. D. Coburn, secretary of the state board of agriculture, will be offered an $1,800 position at the state agricultural college.

McPherson Republican: "The trigonometry class of the college taught by the president, C. E. Arnold, is distinctly a heavy-weight class. The average weight of the members is 213 pounds. The average hat is No. 7¼. The heaviest student in the class weighs 360. Four of the heaviest weigh 250. This class is blessed with brain power as abundantly as it is with adipois tissue."

Goodland Republic: The prairie grass is exceedingly forward this year and only needs a few more warm days to push up and conceal the brown stubs of last year's crop. Grass—short, curly buffalo grass—is the most valuable crop ever raised in Western Kansas if harvested rightly; and the only way to properly harvest the same is through the medium of the cow.

The H. C. Barnes who is so frequently mentioned in the papers as prosecutor of Durrant, the California murderer, was formerly a citizen of Kansas. His home was in Stockton, Rooks county, and he represented his district in the Legislative session of 1885. A few years ago he removed to California and almost at once became prominent.

At Latham, a station on the 'Frisco, north of Winfield the safe of the Mercantile company was blown open by robbers and the sum of $1,800 in cash and checks was secured. The robbers escaped, going north on a hand car.

The Gaylord Herald says that the experiment of having women fill all the city offices at that place resulted in a careful, economical and efficient administration, and that the same officers could have been elected for another year at the late election had the women consented to serve.

W. A. Pyne, formerly a printer on the old Goodland Dark Horse, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the federal prison at Leavenworth and $100 fine for making a fraudulent pension voucher. A pension voucher was turned over to him for debt. Pyne signed the pensioner's name for his own. For this he was imprisoned.